

SUPPLEMENT TO THE 'EYANPAHA.'

NOVEMBER

15, 1909.

CHEYENNE AGENCY, S. D.

Oct. 26, 1909.

Baptized since May 19.

Fred, born May 7, '09, son of Alfred Fisherman and his wife Annie Circle Eagle.

Josephine, born May 26, '09, daughter of James Eagle Chasing, and his wife, Looks for Horses.

Hazel Victoria, born March 2, '09, daughter of Joseph Lambert and his wife Emma Fisherman.

Myrtle May, born May 10, '09, daughter of Jerry Tompson and his wife Josephine Landrie.

Eunice Margareth, born May 12, daughter of Robert Mathieson and his wife Julia Marcelle.

Elizabeth, born July 15, daughter of Arthur Bordeaux and his wife Emma Slow Eagle.

Hazel Elizabeth, born May 12, '09, daughter of Joseph Rivers and his wife Mary Dolphus.

Abel, born July 14, '09, son of Samuel White Buffallowman and his wife Mamie Bird-neck-lace.

William, born Nov. 15, '05, and Thomas, born June 30, '07, children of Frank Tincup and his wife Lizzie Spottedbear.

Josephine, born Sept. 14, '09, daughter of Tony Acker and his wife Philomena Landrie.

Viola Martina, born July 27, '09, daughter of Isaac Arpan and his wife Margaret Claymore.

Francis Earwin, born Aug. 7, '00, son of Andrew Traversie and his wife Annie Gage.

Caspar, born Aug. 25, '09, son of Camillus Ducheneaux and his wife Angelic Hodgkiss.

NEW ORGAN.

for the church St. John the Evangelist, Moreau River. It cost \$45.00. Miss Emily Landrie alone raised all that money. I thank her.

Gratuated

Susie, daughter of Louis and Julia Lecompte, graduated last June from St. Martin's Academy, Sturgis, S. D. She graduated in both, in the regular course of studies and in music.

Louise, daughter of Paul and Julia Rosseau graduated last June from the Industrial school at Pierre. You did well, dear Susie and Louise.

NEW TOWNS.

The government will start four towns on this Reservation; they will be called: Whitehorse, Eagle Butte, Duprees, and Hump. All four will be on the railroad. The town Whitehorse will be on the line north of the Moreau River; the other three South of that River.

The following land has been reserved for each of those four towns:

For Whitehorse S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 10. T. 17, R. 26.

For Eagle Butte N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 22, T. 12, R. 24.

For Deprees a part of Section 31, T. 13, R. 21.

For Hump a part of Section 2, T. 12, R. 18.

Each townside will be laid in lots and these will be auctioned off. The money will go to those who belong to this Reservation. —Ofcourse also the railroad Co. will start some towns.

JOHN VOGEL.

ALLEN, S. D. Nov. 5th 1909.

To the readers of the Eyanpaha. Since, we had no congress this summer, I wish to suggest that every local society should make their annual report to their respective missionaries, showing how much money they have given to our dear Bishop, and how much money is given to him to distribute among his missionaries for the benefit of the catechists on the various agencies. (wawokiyapi.)

A full report should be made to show how each local meeting is standing; how much money has been deposited with each Treasurer of each agency, as was adopted at the last Congress held at Rosebud Agency, S. Dak.

Farther, I wish to say, that we should not only wait for congress to have the result of our societies known, but I think this can be made known through our missionaries as well, for the reason that the Bishop and catechists has to be provided for whether we have a congress or not.

Therefore, each society should get up and see what they can do

for their Bishop and for the catechists and for their priests as well.

The idea of doing all of this before congress only, is not a practical move for all the societies but the idea is to get down and see that the above are all continually provided for regardless of congress.

Yours truly

LOUIS MOUSSEAU.

ALLEN, S. Dak. Nov. 5, 1909.

Mitakolapi tona Eyanpaha lawapikin.

Wicoran tona kiksuyeciyapi kta wacin. Tokaheya Cheyenne Agency el Congress unyuhapi kta unkluſtanpi. Yunkan wana he ecetu ſni; heon etanhan omniciye okaſpe ciqala oyanke ecel yaunpi kin woecon nitawapi qon le okna iyoptekiyepica. Tokaheya mazaska awanyanka wanjila oyanke nitawapi ecel on kta yakluſtanpi qon he wana wiske-num yahihunnipi qonhan mazaska tonana eyaknakapi hecina; na hehanl wi akenum qonhan Bishop unkitawapi mazaska tona yaqupi kta hecina, Catechists womnaye qon tonana eyaknakapi hecina, na wicaſawakan owicakiyapi womnaye qon he tonana eyaknakapi hecina; na wi akenonpa qon econhan omniciye okaſpe ciqala onpi kin oyasin mazaska tokel lusotapi hecina; na tonana aſlalyela kluha yahinaſinpi hecina, lena oyasin wicaſawakan nitawapi el yakluecetupi kta iyecetu. Kinhan wicaſa wakanpi kin hena isanpa wicoran waſteſte ecanonpi kin hena yuonihan-yan Eyanpaha el niciyaotaninpi kte. Hecel oyanke oyasin St. Joseph St. Mary okolakiciye unpi qon wicoran tokel iyoptekiyapi kin slolonkiciyapi kte. Kinhan oyasin cante waonſtepi kte. Na wicoran waſte etkiya wobliheca el onhipi kte. Incin Congress iyopte ſni eſa Bishop na wawokiyapi qon na wicaſa wakanpi kin hecena oyatepi tantanhan lila wowaſi econpi na heon etanhan Congress wanice eſa woecon tona le iwankam cajeblate qon hena yuecetupi ca rce.

Congress witaya canna el ecela hena econqonpi kta iyecetu ſni.

Ho mitakuyepi, St. Joseph St. Mary yaonpi kin iyapi tona eci- ciyapi kta wacin. Wanna eyaſ wioncaſapi na wionyanpi kta iyecetu. Waniyetu ota Omniciye Tanka canna woſtanpi kar onkapi na takuni yuecetupi ſni, he woſteceke. Wicaſa otapi can el St. Joseph St. Mary heoncapi kte rcin, na wicaſawakan tohanl wanonyakapi canna hehanl ſna wocekiye okna ikluha rca onkikpazopi, na nakun hecel ſna onkoiklakapi.

Yonkan mitakuyepi, hena honr woiton on heoncecapi. Na he Wakantanka lila ſicelake. Heon etanhan tona St. Joseph St. Mary hecapi hecin inſiya woiton kin ſicelakapi kta iyecetu. Incin woiton kin he wakanſica tawa.

Ho, ake piya epin kte.

- No. 1. Mazaska awanyanka.
- " 2. Bishop mazaska qupi kta
- " 3. Wicaſawakan owicakiyapi.
- " 4. Wawokiyae womnaye.

Lena Congress tawoyuſtan ca onyuecetupi ni ecanmi ca heon kiksuye ciyapi.

Ho henala epin kta. St. Joseph St. Mary oyasin wapiya zaniyan yaonpi ni ecin nape cikluzapi. Nitakolapi wanji onſike qon he miye. Wocekiye ehapi canna miksuya po.

LOUIS P. MOUSSEAU.

THUNDER BUTTE, S. D, Mitakuyepi.

Eya ito lehand taku wanji blaotanin wacinye.

Hekta Nov. 1, qon hehan omniciye apiyapi lena oitanapi.

Alice Gleſka winyan itancan. Agnes Bearthunder okihe. Amy Scarleg mazaska awan'ka. Maggie Red Bird wowapi kaga. Mary Scarleg, Alice Skaagli, Jennie Roach wigliglapi. Editn Shortbull wokagege awan. Lucy Nataskawin wayazan awa. Nellie Knife iapi awanyaka. Esther Winyanwaſte wamnayan. Agnes Talks wapaha yuha. Taſunkewaſtewin tiyopa awan. Lena lecala onyuſtanpi.

Ho hecetuwe. Oyasin nape ciyuzape.

MAGGIE REDBUD.

Wayahota Maqupi.

Felix Dance Eagle	ojutonpi	4
Antoine Langer	"	5
Thomas Jones	"	5
Mrs. Cavanaugh	"	5
Rubert Dunn	"	2
Wiliam Sherman peji ohna		1
Luke Bigtrack wayahota	5 bus.	
Joseph Matohi	2 "	
Zuzuheca	2 "	

Fr. JEROME.

A QUAINT SERMON.

A GENTLEMAN was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable farm-house; and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a small pail and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish my boy?" said the gentleman, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

"Indeed he would; and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

The gentleman thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and therefore, he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take it" he said, looking earnestly at the child and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or anyone. I am lame and my back is bad sir; and mother says, no matter how small a favor may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as he does a large favor. And this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painsville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance; and so, sir, almost everyone passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

The gentleman looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good to others;

and a moisture gathered in his own as a moment later, he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little serman that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly.

A BOY'S DECISION.

Many years ago, Mr. Hall, an English gentleman visited Ireland for the purpose of taking sketches of its most beautiful scenery, to be used in all illustrated work of Ireland, which has since been published.

On one occasion, when about to spend a day in the neighborhood of Lake Killarney, he met a bright young Irish lad, who offered his service as guide through the district.

A bargain was made with him, and the party went off. The lad proved himself well acquainted with all the places of interest in the neighborhood and had plenty of stories to tell about them. He did his work well, and to the entire satisfaction of the visitors. On their return to the starting point, Mr. Hall took a flask of whiskey from his pocket, and drank some. Then he handed it to the boy, and asked him to help himself. To his surprise the offer was firmly, but politely declined.

Mr. Hall thought this very strange. To find an Irish boy who would not touch or taste whikey was stranger to him than anything he had seen that day. He could not understand it; and he resolved to try the strength of the boy's temperance principles. He offered first a shilling, then a half crown, and then five shillings if he would taste that whiskey. But the boy was firm. A real manly heart was beating under his ragget jacket. Mr. Hall determined to try him further, so he offered the boy a golden half sovereign if he would take a drink of whiskey. That was a coin seldom seen by lads of this class in those parts. Straightening himself up, with a look of indignation on his face, the boy pulled out a temperance medal from his inner poket of his jacket, and holding it bravely up said: "This was my father's medal. For years he was intemperate. All his wages were spent in drink. It almost broke my

mother's heart; and what a hard time she had to keep the children from starving. At last my father took a stand. He signed the pledge and wore this medal as long as he lived. On his deathbed he gave it to me. I promised him that I would never drink intoxicating liquor, and now, sir, for all the money your honor may be worth a hundred times over, I would not brake that promise." That boy's decision about drink was noble. Yes,—and it did good, too. As Mr. Hall stood there, astonished, he screwed the top unto his flask, and flung it into the water of the lake near which they stood.

Then he turned to the lad and shook him warmly by the hand, saying as he did so:—

"My boy, that's the best temperance lecture I ever heard. I thank you for it. And now, by the help of God, I will never drink another drink of intoxicating liquor while I live."

This incedent shows that it does not follow that a person must become a drunkard because his father or mother happened to be addicted to drink. If we ask God's assistance we can resist the worst temptations. From this it can be easily seen that the idea of heredity is all stuff and nonsense. We know many persons whose parents were depraved, and yet who were themselves model citizens and good Catholics, because they relied upon the aid which the Almighty God gave them, and because they did not make light of prayer.

A HIGH-SOULED YOUTH.

HERE is a very interesting anecdote of the great Bonaparte and a boy whom he selected as a page because of his handsome appearance and also because of his sterling and honest characteristics. We remark, in advance, that, without making devotion a specialty, Napoleon I, had nevertheless very clear ideas on religious matters, which ideas were implanted in his mind during his early years. One day, at the period of his highest prosperity, this monorch went to the theatre attended by a young page for whom he had a lively affection, and whom he was desirous of attaching to his person.

The emperor, however, paid but little attention to the drama and spent his time in examining the assistants. The conduct of his young attendant seemed greatly to astonish him; this young man appeared to be rapt in thought and to take very little interest in the representations. Besides, obstinately kept his hand hidden under a fur overcoat spread across his knees.

Suddenly Napoloon, leaving his seat bent over the young duke's shoulder and, thrusting his hand into his overcoat, brought forth a pair of beads. At that period, and with the majority of those present, the beads were not in great honor, and the blushing page stood waiting a severe re-premand. "Ah, Augustus, I caught you!" said Napoleon. "Well," continued he, "I am proud of you; you are above the nonsense of the theatre; you are a noble youth, and you will one day be a man. Continue," said he, returning the beads. "I will trouble you no more." Those who witnessed the scene and heard the words of the monarch dared not laugh at the devotion of the page. He who thus said his beads at the theatre did indeed become a man: he died Cardinal Archbishop of Besacon, leaving numberless proofs of eminent holiness.

The Patient mule.

The kidn-hearted wowan was very solicitous about a certain mule belonging to Erastus Pinkley. The mule had a sad and heavy appearance, and never looked more dejected than when its proprietor brought it up with a flourish at the front gate, saya a writer in the Washington Star.

"Do you ever abuse that mule of yours?" she inquired one day.

"Lan' sakes, miss," answered Mr. Erastus. I should say not! Dat mule has had me on de defensiv foh de las' six years.

The Safe Course.

This clerk may have been impudent, but no doubt the customer smiled in spite of herself. The story is told by a writer in the Christian Guardian.

"How can you tell bad eggs" asked the young housewife.

"I never told any," replied the grocery clerk, "but if I did have anything to tell a bad egg, I'd brake it gently."